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TRUE PRAYER.

"It is not prayer,
This clamor of our eager wants
That fills the air
With wearying, selfish plaints.

It is true prayer
To seek the giver more than gift—
God's life to share,
And love, for this our cry to lift."

THE PACIFIC

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

AN AFTER-THE-WAR BATTLE LINE.

Surplus wealth for the common good is one of the planks of the British Labor Party platform. This sets the Labor Party distinctly apart from other parties in Great Britain as well as in our own country. It is in some sense a revolutionary idea—that surplus wealth should be used to build up the community life as a whole instead of going into the pockets and bank accounts of a fortunate few to be used according to their individual desires.

Mr. Harry F. Ward, for some time at the head of the Department of Social Service in the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes concerning this and other features of the platform: "There can be no question that in these proposals the English Labor Party has given concrete form to the fundamental teachings of Christianity. They are showing us how they may be organized into national and international life. The future course of history depends not a little on whether there is sufficient insight and idealism in the United States to understand and support the international elements in this program, and to work out here a companion national platform adapted to our own environment."

This action of the British Labor Party and this comment by a denominational leader here in our own country, indicate one of the after-the-war battle lines. Here is something on which there is bound to be a difference of opinion—with mighty hosts and determined fighters on each side.

LOUISIANA OUT OF STEP!

The forces working for national prohibition have had a pretty steady triumph since the state legislatures began to pass upon the proposed constitutional amendment. Missisippi was the first state to ratify. Others followed in this order: Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Texas, Delaware, South Dakota, Massachusetts.

Five of these eleven states were not prohibition states: Kentucky, Maryland, Texas, Delaware, Massachusetts; and ratification by them was a distinct triumph —heartening to the friends of the cause everywhere; disheartening to opponents.

Louisiana was regarded at the Gibraltar of the "wets" in the south, and the failure there to ratify, by a tie vote in the senate is not an unexpected event. The "dry" forces in Louisiana say that they can elect a legislature next year which will ratify.

Arizona has ratified in the last few days, making the number of states twelve out of the total thirty-six that are required. Twenty-four more are needed. There are seventeen prohibition states that can be safely counted on, leaving seven others to be fought for and secured out of the other sixteen. All in all the outlook is good for national prohibition.

WAR-TIME HYMNS.

A collection of war-time hymns, compiled under the direction of the Rev. Dr. William P. Merrill, one of the leading pastors of New York City, has been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Among the hymns is one by Bishop William Boyd Carpenter, the first three stanzas of which are:

"O God, the strength of those who war,
The hope of those who wait,
Be with our sons gone forth to fight,
And those who keep the gate.

We drew the sword to keep our troth
Free from dishonor's stain,
Make strong our hands to shield the weak
And their just cause maintain.

Give to our hosts in battle's hour
Firm hearts and courage high,
Thy comfort give to those who fall,
Thy peace to those who die."

One by John Greenleaf Whittier has the following as opening and closing stanzas:

"Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayer;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee."

Included in the collection are: The Battle Hymn of the Republic, America, The Star Spangled Banner, "Workman of God! O lose not heart"; "Our fathers' God, from out whose hand"; The Son of God goes forth to war," and several other long-time favorites. The aim has been to present a collection which, while suited for war-time purposes would voice the deepest sentiments and aspirations of all earnest souls.

Dr. Merrill, the compiler, contributes a hymn written by him in 1911, three stanzas of which are:

"Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things,
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of Kings.

Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.
Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod,
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!"

Music accompanies the hymns, which number 32. The price is six cents net for a copy; $5.00 net for 100 copies.

RESULTS FROM THE BILLY SUNDAY CAMPAIGN IN LOS ANGELES.

In order that it might be ascertained, so far as possible, to what extent the churches of Los Angeles profited by the evangelistic services conducted by Billy Sunday in that city, the Rev. Dr. Carl S. Patton, pastor of the First Congregational Church, addressed a letter of inquiry to three hundred churches or rather to the pastors thereof.

There were one hundred and sixty replies. Those not making reply were the smaller churches and churches so located that not much benefit to them could be expected from the meetings. It is said, by persons competent to judge, that returns from all of the three hundred churches would not add one hundred to the number of members reported to have been received by the one hundred and sixty making returns. To these one hundred and sixty churches there were handed 8,100 cards. Examination showed that the cards bore the names of 4,500 persons who were members of the churches. From the other 3,600 persons who had signed cards the churches in their followup work secured 525 new members.

As to the value of the campaign there was a variety of answers. Three were enthusiastic, forty-five gave nominal approval; twenty-eight expressed disappointment; sixteen replied that the churches were disorganized; ten held the campaign to have been detrimental; the judgment of thirty was: No benefit either to city or church; two replied that the meetings stimulated interest.

The campaign was one of two months' duration; it cost $85,000 exclusive of the offering for Mr. Sunday. At the close there was a debt of $3,000 with which the Church Federation has been tugging for many months. Appeal after appeal had reduced this recently to $325.

All in all it is not surprising that many persons in Los Angeles who were once enthusiastic over Billy Sunday campaigns have no such enthusiasm any longer.

Now, this is no attempt on the part of The Pacific to "knock" Billy Sunday evangelism. It is merely a statement of figures and facts, as they have been reported to us from Los Angeles.

We are well aware that against all that seems so meager as set forth in the figures, it can be contended that the 525 were worth all the cost in money and time and strength and whatever of incidental detriment and damage there may have been to the churches co-operating in the campaign.

* * * * * * *

Readers of The Pacific who do not see "The Congregationalist and Advance," will be interested doubtless in knowing what Dr. William E. Barton, a leader in the denomination, had to say two weeks ago in that paper, concerning Mr. Sunday's work, after a careful study of the Chicago campaign.

Dr. Barton wrote: "Billy has an engaging personality, a friendly spirit, a lovable nature, an irrepressible boyish heart. He is in earnest, he is sincere, he is courageous, he is human. He has dramatic power, and uses it to the limit."

In the course of his article, Dr. Barton says: "There is no contrition for sin. Billy denounces sins, particular sins, and sinners, of whom the chief are the Kaiser and the devil, but there is no attempt to make a man contrite. The whole atmosphere is against it. It is devoid of solemnity."

What the result to the churches will be from the Chicago campaign is indicated to some extent in the following from Dr. Barton's article: "Judging from the cards that have come to me a large majority of those who 'hit the trail' are already professing Christians and do not pretend that they have been backsliders or that this is in any vital degree a reconsecration; they like Billy better than they expected to, and the appeal is easy to respond to. The first card that came to me was signed by one of my deacons, who was present with a group of men from his office, and went down the trail with them. A large proportion are high school boys and girls who are already church members who 'liked him, wanted to see him nearer, and thought it would be nice to say they had shaken hands with him.' But there are some real conversions, some genuine re-consecrations."

A STUDY OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

"The Doubt and Faith of William Vaughn Moody" is the caption of an article by Professor Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion in the May number of the Homiletic Review. Dr. Buckham says: "Moody was not only a questioner; he was a protester. There were world-theories and life-attitudes held by many of his fellows against which he took up arms. His protest took two main forms—one against the theology of his day, and the other against its ethics." When one tries to formulate Moody's faith he confronts a difficult task, perhaps an unwise task, writes Dr. Buckham, yet without study he will remain an enigma, and he reckons ill who in seeking to understand the religious attitude of our time leaves out the poets. They do not parade their faith, but it is there. Among the conclusions to which Dr. Buckham has come in his study of Moody is that God meant far more to him than to many an advocate of a more conventional theology. "He had a passionate sense of the inseparableness, the living kinship of God and his creation. Whatever or wherever God is, he is in his world."

A few quotations from Moody's poems are given by Professor Buckham in which there is mention or reference to Ged, and yet the finding is: "But this religious attiude is hardly more than a reverent Greek or Oriental might have cherished."

Asking, "What meaning had Christ to Moody? the answer is: "No conventional meaning surely." There is reference to the "ashen-stoled" figure who walked with him on Good Friday night.

> Friend! Master! I cried falteringly,
> Thou seest the thing they make of thee,
> Oh, by the light divine
> My mother shares with thine,
> I beg that I may lay my head
> Upon thy shoulder and be fed
> With thoughts of brotherhood."

All in all Professor Buckham's study of Moody leads to this: He cannot get away from the vision. He sees that the Nazarene has a message to the world which it cannot escape:

> "My glad, great land, which at the most
> Knows that its fathers knew thee; so
> Will spend for thee nor count the cost;
> But follow thee? Ah, no!
>
> Thine image gently fades from earth!
> Thy churches are as empty shells,
> Dim-plaining of thy words and worth
> And of thy funerals!
>
> But oh, upon what errand, then,
> Leanest thou at the sailor's ear?
> Hast thou yet more to say, that men
> Have heard not, and must hear?"

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In New York recently John Masefield spoke of Oregon as "a most wonderful place of beauty."

Sir Douglas Haig expressed the judgment recently that religious workers at the battle-front had the greatest opportunity of the century.

Miss Jean McKenzie, of African missionary fame, is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. McKenzie who was for many years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco.

John R. Mott of the International Y. M. C. A. declared in an address a few weeks ago in England that he would rather live in the next ten years than in any time he had ever read of in the past. "The war has riveted the gaze of the world on Christ," he said, and he could see no limit to the boundless possibilities of the work of the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations.

It is probable that one of the by-products of the World-War will be the removal of the bray from mules. The braying has sometimes betrayed to the enemy the movements of an army. A surgical operation renders the mule mute. According to Dr. W. H. Lytle, State Veterinarian for Oregon, three theories are held as to the method of performing the operation. One is a surgical treatment of the "halse nostril;" another the severing of certain muscles in the neck, and the third the severing of muscles in the tail.

President Landon of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo was one of the nominees this year for moderator of the General Assembly. His name was presented by Dr. McAfee of Berkeley. The Rev. Dr. J. Frank Smith of Dallas, Texas, was elected moderator. He came into the Presbyterian Church at the time of the Union with the Cumberland Presbyterians a few years ago. Among the other nominees for moderator this year were: Dr. Pentecost, Dr. Joseph A. Vance of Chicago and President Thompson of the Ohio State University.

"In the present world crisis the church will either make fundamental adjustments or remain largely apart from the forces which will create the world's tomorrow," says Professor Allan Hoben of the University of Chicago. He says also that "the reconstructed church will have a community consciousness." For a fresh statement of doctrine for the reconstructed church Professor Hoben recommends Walter Rauscenbusch's recent book, **A Theology of the Social Gospel**. . .There is today an imperative need showing just what is the social significance of being a Christian, declares Professor Hoben. The real challenge, he says, is: "Dare we be Christian?"

"The minister who does not work hard on his sermons is unworthy of a place in the pulpit," says Dr. Jefferson, of Broadway Tabernacle, New York. And he says this, also: "The church member who shirks all his church duties ought to be reprimanded and made to feel ashamed." And here is another thought from Dr. Jefferson well worth quoting: "Christians ought to have high standards of conduct. Their standards ought to be higher than those of the average man. If the church is not ahead of the world, why have any church at all? We need a church which shall lead. If the church refuses to lead, she misses her chance. We need someone to hold aloft higher ideals. If the church will not hold them up, then mankind will look for another leader."

A Protestant and foreign missionary in Mexico writes in The Mexican Review, a Washington publication, that Protestants are convinced that the Mexican Revolution has opened new opportunities for them. It is stated by this missionary that many of the leaders of the Constitutionalist movement are Protestants. It is stated also that the minds of the people of Mexico have been stirred by the experiences of recent years and that they are reading more than ever before. "They welcome good books and papers. They are interested in hearing the preachers who are sent out. Most of these are themselves Mexicans. They have a message for their countrymen. They believe that religion is a matter of life and conduct, not merely of forms and beliefs."

Strange, is it not that a man has to fight to do good? Before the war and at times since the war began Floyd George was "the best hated man in England." His political career before the war was a fight all the time; he was held by many as the evil genius of his country. No epithets were too severe for him. But he went on triumphing. It has been the same during the war. It has been said concerning him that he has joy in conflict, that abuse doesn't trouble him. Ofter the greater the rage the greater is his triumph. And through it all he endures for the joy that is set before him in the victory at the end. Well is it for his country in this time of turmoil within as well as without that Lloyd George is so constituted. A good man's foes ought not to be of his own household. But so it is often in church as well as in State.

A million dollar gambling den in France is now used for army Y. M. C. A.purposes. Dr. Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, has written concerning it from Aix-les-Bains: "I am up here for a few days preaching at our Soldiers' Vacation Ground, on the beautiful Lac du Bourget, which the Y. M. C. A. has established for the benefit of the soldiers on furlough, as a counter-attraction to Paris with its lure and its temptations. We have a magnificent palace here for our Y. M. C. A. building, the old gambling den that cost over a million dollars to erect. Of course we could not have it for a thousand dollars a minute if gambling were permitted just now. And so we had the odd experience yesterday of conducting services where the roulette wheels had stood, and of giving a Gospel message where only the cry of the banker was heard limiting the play to a thousand francs per man."

The Biblical World points out that the war has shown us three divine things as unexpected features in the mentality of common man: "First the divine compulsion of duty, duty to country, to the call of honor, to freedom and justice, to wronged and oppressed humanity. Secondly, the power and glory of self-sacrifice in every heart. Men gave their life-blood gladly because it was the only way to save humanity. In the third place there is the clear realization that spiritual values are higher than material. The truth shines clear to all ages that not in things but in souls is a nation's true life, that its destiny is controlled not by wealth or armies or extent of territory but by the heroic temper of its people." The idea of the Biblical World is that in these three great things lies the hope of the churches and of future religion. That, indeed, these are religion. Accordingly, they should be the stuff and fiber of preaching, and that everywhere in the church, spiritual values, great ethical topics, practical issues, must take the place of intellectual controversy.

In an article on "Singing Among Soldiers," Owen Wister quotes Major General Wood as having aid: "It is just as essential that the soldiers know how to sing as it is that they carry rifles and know how to shoot them. * * * There isn't anything in the world, even letters from home, that will raise a soldier's spirits like a good, catchy, march-

ing tune. * * * I have seen men toiling for hours through the mud and rain, every one of them dejected, spiritless, tired and cold, wet and forlorn, cursing the day they entered the army, transformed into a happy, devil-may-care frame of mind through a song." At a conference of the army and navy song leaders of the Northwest District, held in New York, it was agreed that, whatever additional song material might be used in various camps, every American soldier, sailor and marine should be able to sing "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Marseillaise," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," and "Kentucky Home." Songs of boastfulness are not encouraged. Such a song caused a concert to be given by men from a certain camp to be canceled. At a navy yard in Virginia experience shows that the men care more for the type of song like "Old Kentucky Home" than for what is termed ragtime.

Christopher Reuss, a well-known Californian, is no longer a Unitarian pastor. In laying down the work at Fresno not long ago he thanked his church for the privilege of service, and then said: "This service, however, has of necessity been at a financial loss to himself, and it was to make up that loss that your minister this summer laid aside the role of clergyman and assumed again the role of salesman, which he once played seventeen years ago. As a result he has discovered that his time and energy are worth not twice, but several times as much in business service as in the service of the church. His obligation to his immediate family, to relatives, and to his future power and opportunity to serve require that he accept the opening now presented to him. For fourteen years since leaving the university—two years in settlement work and in fire and earthquake relief work, eight years in juvenile court and adult probation work, and four years in the ministry of the church—your minister at relatively low salaries has been a volunteer enlisted and serving in the Regular Army of the Common Good. Now he desires to emulate the example of Izaak Walton, who so employed his time that after he was fifty years old he was able to devote the remaining forty years of his life without wages or salary to public service, friends, and letters."

A GREAT EDITOR AND AN EMINENT BISHOP AGREE AS TO WHAT CAN SAVE CIVILIZATION.

So great was the demand for Henry Watterson's editorial on the Christian religion as the only thing that can save civilization, printed in the fiftieth anniversary number of the Louisville Courier Journal, that it was reproduced in a recent issue. In that editorial Watterson remarked: "Democracy is but a side issue. The paramount issue, underlying the issue of Democracy in the Religion of Christ and Him Crucified—the bedrock of civilization, the source and resource of all that is worth having in the world that is, that gives promise in the world to come; not as an abstraction, not as a huddle of sects and factions, but as a mighty force and principle of being. * * * If the world is to be saved from destruction, it will be saved alone by the Christian Religion."

Bishop Candler of Georgia, has commented on Watterson's utterance as follows: "Mr. Watterson is right. * * * Democracy cannot be safe for the world unless it be inspired and controlled by the highest morality and the deepest spirituality. We hear much of the democratizing of the world. In truth the cry for the democratization of everything is beginning to be tiresome. It is the cant of agitators and demagogues in every department of society. Some would democratize the kingdom of heaven, elect a half-divine president, and revise by a vote of a majority the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Multitudes of persons cannot speak on any public occasion without declaiming in a bombastic, turgid style, about the 'democratization' of something. Is it not just possible that many men have become obsessed with the superstitious notion that democracy is the sovereign remedy for all the ills that the human race is heir to? * * * * The truth is that in the absence of intelligence and virtue among the people a democracy is the least efficient and most dangerous form of government. * * * * While we cling to our democratic institutions, let us keep constantly in mind the fact which Mr. Watterson has so clearly pointed out—that the paramount issue underlying the issue of democracy is the religion of Christ."

Bishop Candler expresses in conclusion in his comment the judgment that a godless industrialism is the thing which today most menaces the United States.

QUESTION OF CAMP PASTORS DISCUSSED AT THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The subject of Camp Pastors had considerable consideration at the annual meeting of the Southern California Congregational Conference. Superintendent Kenngott in his annual report to the Conference, asked this question, "What part as a denomination, apart from all that we have done and given as individuals and churches, should we take in the religious life of the camps, over and above our support of the Y. M. C. A.?" And he stated in that connection: "At the beginning of the war I felt that the churches should commit to the Y. M. C. A. the religious work in the camps at home and across the seas; and that if they needed more men and money we should give them all, and hold them up to their responsibility. I regretted the interjection of denominationalism through the soldier-pastors at Camp Kearney, but found that our denominational superintendent here could do nothing about it because the authorization for the plan and the appointments had emanated from the National War Work Council of the Federated Churches in New York. In order to have headquarters for these soldier-pastors, a Church Federation Building was erected at Camp Kearney, costing $2,500, to which our National Council contributed $450; and the First Congregational Church of San Diego fitted up our room." It seemed necessary said Dr. Kenngott, that Congregationalists should do something in co-operation with the other leading denominations. But not having clear convictions as to the advisability of raising money for a regular permanent soldier-pastor the pastors of several churches had been sent to Camp Kearney, each for a month at a time—the churches giving leave of absence and the National Council paying the camp expenses.

Some of the ministers and laymen, it was stated, were of opinion that nothing more should be done, and questioned the wisdom of that, contending that the religious work should be carried on wholly by the Y. M. C. A. and the chaplains. Others were of opinion that at least $2,000 should be raised in a special way and the best possible Congregational representative be secured and sent for regular work at the camp, and his work supplemented by the pastors as heretofore.

Superintendent Kenngott concluded by asking this recommendation: "That we raise here and now $2,000 for salary and $500 additional for expenses; that we select the best Congregational pastor we can find in Southern California as our representative at Camp Kearney; that we

present him to the Y. M. C. A. with the request that he be taken on the staff of the Y. M. C. A. with its uniform; and that he be made Director or Associate Director of Religious Work for Southern California, or at one of the regimental buildings at Camp Kearney, with the understanding that he shall interest himself particularly in the Congregational men, to relate them to their home churches and the Congregational churches near the camps, to visit them in the hospitals, to be a pastor to them."

The thought of the Superintendent was that this plan would serve "the double purpose of increasing the efficiency of the Y. M. C. A. and give concrete expression of the loyalty of the denomination."

The discussion which followed this recommendation showed considerable questioning of the wisdom of any distinctive denominational representation and work at the camps. But inasmuch as the idea was to link up in some way with the Y. M. C. A. a motion that such work be undertaken was carried. The following day this was reconsidered, the question was debated again at considerable length, and finally it was voted to refer the matter to the Conference Board of Trustees with the recommendation that Superintendent Kenngott, if possible, be released from other work for three months and be sent to Camp Kearney for work in connection with the Y. M. C. A.—thus to familiarize himself with conditions and needs and a basis for future action on the part of the Conference be secured.

A STATEMENT OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE AND FAITH.

By Albert M. Palmer, Minister of Central Union Church, Honolulu.

(Read before a council of recognition, March 6, 1918.)

I was born in a Christian home, both my father and mother being members of the Baptist Church. My earliest church connection was at the age of three when on pleasant Sunday afternoons, I used to sit on a hillside back of a Methodist Sunday School in Kansas City and listen to the singing. As a result of this I insistently proclaimed at home that I was a "Methody." Soon afterwards we moved to Los Angeles and when five years old I began to attend the Primary Department of the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church of that city. Later my parents joined the Central Baptist Church and at the age of seven, at a revival meeting conducted by Dr. Pendleton, the pastor, I came forward to the front row of chairs where those who wanted to be Christians had been invited to come. The deacons ignored me, but finally it dawned upon them, that the small boy had taken the invitation literally. I was examined, baptized, received into the church. As Central Church was worshipping in a hall we went to the First Christian Church for the Baptismal Service. I remember that a box weighted with stones was put on the bottom of the baptistry for me to stand upon and I was ferried across to the minister, standing on the box while he asked me if I believed on the Lord Jesus. My mother, who is still a Baptist, often remarks to me: "Well, Albert there is one satisfaction, you were baptized right!" My joining the church was not due to any remarkable experience; but simply to the fact that I lived in a household where religion was a current topic of conversation and in connection with a church which was full of evangelistic fervor.

When I was twelve years old we moved to Santa Barbara. The Baptist Church there was small and spiritless in those days and I found the Sunday School less and less interesting. On the other hand the young people that I knew went largely to the Congregational Church and I longed to go there too. In the High School as I studied geology and classic myths the traditional theology with which I had been brought up received many severe jolts. Just at this time a young minister of modern spirit and ideals, Rev. Frank S. Forbes, came to the Congregational Church. His preaching helped me so much that I told my parents—I was then fifteen—that I was not going to the Baptist Sunday School any more, but if they would let me change to the Congregational I would go not only to Sunday School but to Church and Christian Endeavor. Not being very happy in the Baptist Church themselves they agreed, and said they would attend the Congregational Church with me, which they did until a year or two later when we left Santa Barbara. What appealed to me in Mr. Forbes's preaching was its reasonableness, its social message, and the fact that Mr. Forbes dressed like other men and even wore link cuffs! This may seem a small item but to a boy it meant much that his minister seemed human and a man among men.

At the age of seventeen I entered the University of California at Berkeley, continuing to attend the Congregational Church and receiving great help from the preaching of Rev. George B. Hatch, the pastor. For a period of six months, I lived in San Leandro, a village outside of Oakland, and during that time joined the Presbyterian Church there. My college course brought me into contact with the full current of modern thought and resulted in still further upsetting what I had left of my boyhood traditional theology. Mr. Forbes, my Santa Barbara pastor, had suggested my choosing the ministry as my life work, I remember I wrote him that would be impossible because I didn't believe the world was created in six days, neither did I believe in the Virgin Birth, the Trinity, the Atonement, or the Divinity of Jesus. He wrote back to me very wisely something like this: "Put these theological questions up on a high shelf and wait for more light to break upon them. Yoy may understand them better by and by. Meanwhile you do believe in the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount. Make these your religion and try to live them. When you have lived up to them you may understand some of these other questions better." It was good advice and helped me greatly. It made me, in spite of my doubts, still consider myself a Christian. Two other influences later in my college course helped me tremendously. One was the sane and reasonable preaching of Rev. Charles R. Brown in the First Congregational Church of Oakland. I used to go down to Oakland and sit up in the gallery of that old church Sunday nights and listen to Mr. Brown. I was led to think that, if he could say things so reasonable, so honest, so modern, and still be a Christian minister, possibly I too, could be a minister by and by. Another helpful influence was Professor Charles M. Gayley, head of the Engiish Department of the University. I never talked over my problems with him personally but the inspiration of his courses in poetry, particularly his interpretation of the poems of Tennyson and Browning, gave me a new basis of religious faith. When I left college practically all my theology was found in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and a few of the poems of Robert Browning. I had also been helped religiously by men like Prof. George M. Stratton, my teacher of Psychology, and William E. Ritter, my teacher of Zoology. The fact that these men, experts in modern science, attended church regularly every Sunday made a wholesome impression upon me, in addition to the spiritual implications which occasionally cropped out in their class room lectures.

When I was a boy of fourteen my father and I had visited the Mid-Winter Exposition in San Francisco. For the first time in my life I saw a great city and my heart was desolated by the squalor and poverty I noticed south of Market street. This experience made me respond to the

social gospel preached by Mr. Forbes in Santa Barbara and later in college I found myself more and more interested in social questions. I worked in boys' clubs in West Berkeley and finally when the college settlement was organized in that locality under the fostering interest of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, I was asked to go down to the settlement and live there as one of the workers, having charge of the boys clubs.

As I studied settlement work and social problems there came a growing conviction that, after all, the church was the great force which ought to be aroused to social reform and betterment. I felt that the church had the organization and machinery, that it needed the inspiration of a concrete task, and that in Jesus and his teaching of the Kingdom of Heaven it had the charter of the social gospel. I therefore definitely put aside my first plan of being a teacher of English and my second thought of making settlement activity my life work, and decided to go directly to the work of the Christian ministry.

I selected Yale Divinity School simply because I admired the history and tradition of the University and felt that a Divinity School in direct connection with a University would be more modern and liberal than a Theological Semniary operating independently. But I went to the Divinity School with many misgivings. I expected to have musty and repellant medieval theological dogmas crammed down my throat willy-nilly by lugubrious, black-coated, sombre professors of theology. I made my mind to be a martyr if necessary but not to accept anything that did not commend itself to my honest reason. As Professor Bacon o Yale confessed to me several years afterwards, "We members of the faculty recognized that you had a chip on your shoulder the first few months you were at Yale." But the Yale Divinity School was a great revelation to me. Its professors were human, men with great scholarship and a sense of humor. The methods of study were rigorously scientific —in fact I learned more about real study there than I had in my undergraduate college course. Before the year was through I was won over. I believed in the Yale faculty and I believed in the rigorously scientific methods of study The historical, critical interpretation of the Bible fascinated me and Professor Stevens' courses in Systematic Theology, so fair, so sane, with such fine historical perspective, thrilled me like a novel or a play. During the year I taught a Sunday School class in the old Center Church, made an investigation of tenement houses in the Russian Jewish quarter for the Department of Sociology and each Sunday listened to some prominent minister address the students of Yale at morning chapel, hearing such great speakers as Lyman Abbott, Washington Gladden, George A. Gordon, Henry Van Dyke, and many others.

The summer after my first year in Yale Divinity School I did my first preaching in a little church at South Wallingford, Vermont. The experience was so delightful and the response of the church so splendid that I finally determined that I had found my life work in the Christian ministry. The second summer I supplied Dr. Williams' church in Redlands, California, while he was abroad. In 1904 I graduated from Yale, was married, and after a four months' wedding trip in Europe, Mrs. Palmer and I came to Redlands where I was ordained as assistant pastor, December 13, 1904.

Here for three years I had the benefit of a post-graduate course under Dr. Williams, and as the years go by I realize increasingly how much I owe to the kindly way in which the Redlands church received me and to the influence of Dr. Williams' sermons, so human, so imaginative, so sanely spiritual, and to the privilege of personal contact with him in his patience, his serenity, his ripe and mature wisdom, his rare sanity and delightful sense of humor.

But the time came when I felt a desire for more individual responsibility and a larger opportunity to preach. I therefore accepted a call which came to me entirely unsolicited and without candidating, from Plymouth Church, Oakland, then a small church of 118 members, with a beautiful and artistic little church edifice, situated about two miles from our First Church, in a rapidly growing section of Oakland. There I worked hard—nobody knows how hard—made a lot of mistakes, but had the joy of seeing the church grow up until today Plymouth has over nine hundred members and an entirely new equipment, consisting of auditorium and parish house splendidly adapted to serve the needs of its community. Here I was able to preach the social gospel, and, through Plymouth Center and a participation in civic affairs, carry on a social ministry.

It should here be said that, while the original social motive which sent me into the ministry has not abated, with the passing of the years and the experience which comes to a pastor, other notes have come into the music which I have tried to sound forth. That beginning of a spiritual gospel which I found in Tennyson and Browning has grown through the years. I have been greatly helped in this by the Emmanuel Movement and by books of a mystical and devotional quality like Buckham's "Mysticism and Modern Life," Rauschenbusch's "Prayers of the Social Awakening" and the writings of President King, Henry Fosdick, R. J. Campbell, J. Brierly, together with a study of the lives of some of the world's great spiritual souls like Tolstoy and St. Francis and Joan of Arc and by the poets from Milton and Burns to Rupert Brooke.

After ten years in Oakland I felt that I had come to a point where I could safely leave Plymouth Church without injury to it. I found myself more and more interested in the larger world problems that gather round the Pacific Ocean. A trip was planned to Japan, but that was canceled by the outbreak of the war. Then came a trip to Hawaii last summer. The significance of this community in its world relationships, its importance as a social and religious laboratory in racial problems, the remarkable position of influence of Central Union Church in the community and the high quality of its membership, their openmindedness, their financial and intellectual capacity to do great things and their desire to know what is the really great thing to do—all these things appealed to me very strongly, and when the call came to the pastorate of Central Union Church I accepted it gladly and without question. I have had many other opportunities to go to many different churches during the last ten years, but none of them ever appealed to me so strongly and so clearly as this call to Honolulu.

My only question was how to do full justice to my Oakland Church and not leave it in any way discouraged or handicapped. I am happy to say that the Oakland Church has found, as I hoped it would, a new pastor in Dr. Kloss, and is now going forward without any loss of power. And so I am here, more fascinated than ever by the complex and far-reaching task which Central Union Church faces in these Islands, and desirous first of all to learn what the real conditions and inner problems are and then hoping that I may be used of God in helping forward the Christian gospel and Christian civilization here.

One thing I have omitted in this account of my spiritual journey. Last fall I had the opportunity of spending three months in Army Y. M. C. A. work, an experience which has brought me closer to the inner meaning of the war and at the same time has given me hope and faith in the vitality of the Christian religion and the practical value of the Christian Church. I expect next summer to have another three months' service along somewhat different lines with

the Army Y. M. C. A., probably somewhere on the Pacific Coast.

Now from the account of my religious life and experience you expect me to turn to a statement of my Christian belief. I can sum it up very briefly by saying that I find the Kansas City Confession of Faith adopted by the Congregational National Council in 1913 a substantial and satisfactory expression of my religious faith. You may remember that it reads as follows:

"We believe in God, the Father infinite in wisdom, goodness, and love; and in Jesus Christ, His Son, Our Lord and Savior, who for us and our salvation lived and died and rose again and liveth evermore; and in the Holy Spirit, who taketh of the things of Christ and revealeth them to us, renewing, comforting, and inspiring the souls of men.

"We are united in striving to know the will of God as taught in the Holy Scripture, and in our purpose to walk in the ways of the Lord, made known or to be made known to us.

"We hold it to be the mission of the Church of Christ to proclaim the Gospel to all mankind, exalting worship of the one true God, and laboring for the progress of knowledge, the promotion of justice, the reign of peace, and the realization of human brotherhood.

"Depending, as did our fathers, upon the continued guidance of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all truth, we work and pray for the transformation of the world into the kingdom of God; and we look with faith for the triumph of righteousness and the life everlasting."

If I may be somewhat more explicit I will say that I believe in God as immanent and indwelling in His universe; and in our lives are vitally related to Him, so that "in Him we live and move and have our being." I believe in Jesus Christ as the expression in terms of a human life of the character of God, that in the fulness of time God, who had revealed himself to man in nature and in conscience, became incarnate in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. I believe in the cross of Jesus, as the symbol of the suffering love of God for His erring children and as a summons to all spiritually-minded men and women to join Jesus in the spirit of sacrifice and if necessary even at the cost of life itself, in the redemption of the world. I believe in the resurrection, as Lyman Abbott says, "not as an extraordinary event, but as an extraordinary evidence of a regular event." As to the method of the resurrection, I have not made up my mind, but as to the reality of it I have no doubt. In some way Jesus convinced his disciples that he was not holden by death, but was alive for evermore. I believe in the Holy Spirit as the immediate presence of God within the soul, expressing itself in the still small voice of conscience and the hunger and thirst for righteousness and spiritual communion. I believe in the Bible as the record of God's growing and increasing revelation of himself to a pecularily sensitive and spiritually-minded people. This revelation came to its climax in Jesus and is to be judged and valued in accordance with its harmony with the spirit and teachings of Jesus. I believe in salvation as a present and not merely a future fact, that into the lives of men there can come the peace of God, making for health, joy and efficiency here and now in addition to the greater harvest to be reaped in the life to come. I believe in the Church, as an organization of men and women who have heard the call of Jesus Christ and who have banded themselves together in the Church to work in more effective cooperation for bringing to pass the kingdom of Heaven in the world; and I believe in the kingdom of Heaven, not as a formal, external scheme of government, but as the universal acceptance of the rule of God in the hearts of men whereby we shall come increasingly to peace and brotherhood, justice and goodwill, to the goal across the years where

"Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears"

and I conceive it the supreme business of the Church to join God in seeking to establish the Kingdom of Heaven in the hearts of all mankind.

In closing I must say what I am sure most of us feel, that the greatest shock and trial of our Christian faith has been the breaking out of the present World War. The road forward to the Kingdom of God on earth had seemed to be opening so wonderfully that the outbreak of this catastrophe was peculiarly appalling. But I believe that He who maketh the wrath of men to praise Him is triumphing even through the present outburst of human selfishness and passion, and that we "shall arrive some day," though, like Browning,

"What course, what circuit first
I know not."

Even amid the storm of war I see individual lives coming to higher levels of unselfishness and service, I find business and industry awakening to their social responsibilities and their place as servants of the community and I rejoice to hear in national aims a new note of international brotherhood and world wide justice to great and small. As Julia Ward Howe saw God marching on through the dark days of the Civil War, so in this civil war of the human race I am coming to feel with increasing power the greatness of the spiritual ideals for which we struggle and look forward to the days of reconstruction when the great principles of democracy and international righteousness shall shine forth triumphant.

"God is not dead nor doth He sleep
The wrong shall fail.
The right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men."

Meanwhile it is the duty of Christian men, without personal bitterness or passion, to keep uplifted above the turmoil the ideals for which we struggle, not for ourselves alone, but for all members of a united human race.

A RECENT BOOK REVIEW.

In view of the interest taken by our Congregational clergymen in Rauschenbusch's book, "A Theology for the Social Gospel," I have thought it profitable to call the attention of the brethren to a literary estimate of the work itself and the trend of certain elements in the church.

The review was by The Argonaut. It is needless to say that I am in complete accord with the critic. And further, we cannot forget that the author in conjunction with a then Pacific Coast clergyman did yeoman service in an attempt to prevent this "World being made safe for Democracy" by the dissemination of propoganda against the United States supplying the Allies with munitions of War.

The Argonaut's estimate is now quoted:

"We do not find it easy to be enthusiastic over new schemes by which the churches are to save the world, but doubtless the new schemes will continue to come. One of the latest is by Professor Rauschenbusch. He thinks that too much attention has been paid to the conduct of the individual, and not enough to the conduct of classes and groups of men. There was a time when we said that men were good or bad according to their personal habits, but we had nothing to say to the great corporate wrongs such as the exploitation of wage-earners and war.

"Personally we prefer the old methods. That our yardsticks were often childish is unimportant, and it was true enough that a man was often supposed to be "bad" if he

danced or drank. Groups and classes are composed of individuals, and if we reform the individual, if we make him less selfish, we shall necessarily reform the group or class to which he belongs. What is called the socialization of religion means no more than turning the churches into political committees each one with its little platform of poisonous and tyrannical reforms, and each with its bludgeon of uninformed and ignorant votes. That way lies utter and final extinction for the churches, and if they wish to take it there is perhaps no reason why we should protest."

I. H. M.

SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A BERKELEY PASTOR IN FRANCE.

The Rev. Dr. Eldridge, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, has written as follows from France concerning his work there:

"In many respects it is the most interesting work it has ever been my privilege to do and I am rejoicing in it more and more. I only wish I could make you see (and through you the people of St. John's Church) that this enterprise in which we are partners is far from futile—is, in fact, worthy of any sacrifice it may have cost. For the first few weeks I was here, the brief period of adjustments, and before my work was really put into my hands, I own that there were times when I seriously questioned if the 'call' I had seemed so clearly to hear had not indeed been 'some other noise.' But as my work has taken shape and begun to show results, the former clear conviction has returned to me. You may remember hearing me say that my chief criticism of St. John's Church—and it holds good more or less of all churches—is that our people are so manifestly all of one general sort whereas the ideal church ought to be made up of 'all sorts and conditions of men.' Here I am ministering to groups—great and small—which literally embrace 'all sorts and conditions of men,' rich and poor, learned and unlettered, clean and unclean, Christians and worldlings. The limitations are that they are all men, and all young—except here and there a middle-aged officer. (We never had more than four women at any of my cafe meetings).

"The other day I referred to a previous service, as to one at which we had sung 'Blest be the tie' and said it was a fine thing to think of men of so many different shades of religious life joining in singing the song. "Probably,' I remarked, 'we have here actually realized something very close akin to the Holy Catholic Church.' After service a young fellow (a fine looking young chap who had sung beautifully) came up and thanked me for my sentiments and said: 'You can't guess what I am.' Of course I couldn't and didn't try. 'Well,' he said, 'I'm a Mormon.' 'And I,' said the pianist, 'am a Roman Catholic.' In one of the barracks, where I have a delightful time with my services, the 'Congregation' is made up of about equal parts, Protestants, Catholics and Jews, and the keenest young fellow there, who always wants to talk over my address is a Jew. Last week my service at that place was postponed in order that a troup of opera stars might give the boys a concert. Not all the boys were pleased, and a committee waited on the hut secretary to protest against the interruption of the previous program. The 'Chairman' summed it up more emphatically than elegantly, thus: **'But hell, man, we don't want no concert; we want our meeting.'** You can easily see why I enjoy working with material like that. Of course the pleasure will be greater when the fellows have got into the gist of the truth a little further; but, even now raw as they are, they are a wonderfully likable lot of big boys—just big boys. Sometimes I shall perhaps have time to tell you about my service at the Cafe last Sunday night, when I had to take a howling mob of hoodlums, who had been stirred up in the worst way by an impromptu program which they had themselves just "cooked up' and preach to them. I had never faced so difficult a situation, nor has my little faith ever been more proved by seeing the triumph of the simple presentation of the Gospel of Christ. I—who was seemingly acting—was really a spectator, standing by and watching the spirit of God recall the better nature of those men. It sent me home saying, 'It is good to be here.' "

A TOAST TO THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

—G. M. Mayo.

A HERO OF THE BRONZE BUTTON.

We take the following from last Sunday's calendar of First Church, San Francisco:

"He put on a thick-glassed pair of spectacles. Then he held up a magnifying glass halfway between his eye and my head. After examining my face intently for a full minute, he said, "Yes, it is you all right, Brother Stauffer; how is my old conference friend?"

You see he had lost an eye on the fierce field of Antietam. Then he lay seven weeks in Libby Prison without medical attention, so the other eye became infected. Since then that remaining eye has allowed him to see but the bare outline of things. With the aid of powerful glasses, he can decipher the big headlines of the newspaper.

On his release, he went home to resume his preparation for the ministry. His young wife read to him his whole college course, and after that, the books in the local preacher's and the traveling preachers' courses. He developed a marvelous memory, and acquired an unusual knowledge of the Bible. He toiled heroically in the hardest fields of Gospel labor until his seventieth birthday.

"And now I am as busy as ever," he chuckled. "As a Superannuate I conduct as many funerals as any pastor in Buffalo, and Iam educating my three fatherless grandchildren." He pulled me before a large picture of a handsome young woman. "There she is; isn't she a fine girl? She is at Syracuse University. Her brother is there too." And he told me all about their cleverness, the scholarships they had won, and their courses.

Then he drew me up to a long panoramic picture of Antietam. Putting his finger on a valley, the location of which, I noticed, he found by taking measurements from a notch in the frame with his thumb and forefinger, he shouted with the gladness of a schoolboy, "I fought down there!" A thrill shot through my frame. Glorious old hero of the sword and of the Cross! May you and I look over the bal-

conies of Heaven to cry, "I fought down there!" And may we know that we fought well.

There will be many of his kind among us after the war is over.

THE MOTHER.

I do not grudge them: Lord I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few,
In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,
And call them blessed;
But I will speak their names to my own heart
The little names that were familiar once
Round my dead hearth.
Lord, thou art hard on mothers:
We suffer in their coming and their going;
And though I grudge them not, I weary, weary
Of the long sorrow—and yet I have my joy;
My sons were faithful, and they fought.

—Padriac H. Pearse.

HOUSING THE RED TRIANGLE WORK IN FRANCE.

By the Rev. Robert Freeman, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, and Head of Religious Work Activities of the American Y. M. C. A. in France.

Of course, you cannot always have a "Crystal Palace," such as the British have at one of their big bases, with its great main floor and its three galleries that are always crowded of an evening with soldiers and sailors and Wacks, as the women of the Army Auxiliary Corps are termed. That is all very well in a big city that the Army cannot well get away from, but when you come to a mere village in a remote part of France where there were three hundred soldiers yesterday, two thousand today, and which by tomorrow may be bereft of every sign of the men in khaki, you have a very different case on your hands. There is no theatre to be rented or dance-hall; and, even if there were, the Army itself would have first claim, and you can be sure the Army is never too modest to assert its claims.

A few days ago, by way of illustrating this last, one of our division Secretaries was called upon by the Adjutant-General, who wanted to know why the officers could not have a gathering-place provided for them, just as we were providing for the enlisted men. The answer was that we should have had a club-house long ago if it had not been for the officers themselves. They wanted wine in their club-house, but their General put his foot down on that. Then, when they were ready for a Y. M. C. A., and we had selected a suitable building, they decided the building was perfect—for an officers' mess-hall. We tried again, and found a fairly well adapted place, but that was straightway requisitioned for military offices. A third time the secretary was out on the still hunt, and was still hunting when the adjutant learned the story of his attempts and the cause of his failure. We have an Officers' Club now—it was opened last night.

There will be lots of laughs in the days to come when we think back to the situations in which we worked while in France. I have been with C. G. Titus today, whose Association back in Sacramento knows that France needs his big body and his able head and his throbbing heart, and has consequently sent him as part of their contribution to the welfare of our men and the success of our cause. Titus alone has a tale of Y. M. C. A. buildings that I expect will afford me a deal of entertainment at the reunions in the sweet bye-and-bye.

Have you heard Titus speak French? Well, you would approve the judgment that moves him to take along an interpreter when he has to have business dealings with the French people. It happens that just now his interpreter, who is also his secretary, is a Doctor of Philosophy from Bryn Mawr and a teacher of the French language. She swept the Mayor of his feet in one of the towns recently when she, adorned with all her personal grace and with the charm of her Parisian accept presented the plea that some place be found for the Y. M. C. A. personified in her chief. The result is that the Hotel de Ville or the City Hall is the "Y" of that town, and the former private office of His Honor is the kitchen whence issues the comfortable aroma of hot chocolate. In another town we occupy a big horse barn. In a third the secretary had gone over almost on hands and knees in a diligent search for some likely place, he was at length directed to the Convent. There he found five old Sisters caring for eighty-five Belgian refugees; kindly souls they were, those five, but they had no place to offer for a recreation hall. However, an examination discovered the wood hall, a room twenty-five by fifty feet, mostly occupied with fire logs, but illuminated with splendid windows and on the whole a very promising place. So we are in the Convent as well as the Hotel de Ville, and both the Mayor and the good Sisters would have had us take the places rent free, if we would.

But the most interesting story is that of the town nearest to headquarters. What do you think of this sequence? The Army let us have an Adrian hut on our first day, but its situation required that we move out the day after. Therefore, another barrack was found in which we might carry on—for twenty-four hours. The third day we had set up our own tent, and during the first night it was twice blown down. That windy spell lasted long enough to end the career of that tent the next day, and to splinter the poles and ruin the canvas of the Ahbri tent that followed a day later. We have had just such another spell of wind today, and I can see the destructive possibilities. For a week or so we had the protection of a temporarily empty mess-hall, but the incoming of troops outed us from there. The day following this last eviction, the colonel saw Shaw of Poughkeepsie about to set up another Ahbri tent, and gave the assurance that he himself would provide a new barrack on the morrow, for our exclusive use. Therefore, pending the coming of that tomorrow, we are in a quaint little old flour mill down by the river, and the little old flour mill's capacity determines to a large extent the measure of our ministry to some fifteen hundred men.

That is only a bit of the story of our "Y. M. C. A. Huts" in one division, and tells nothing of the chateaux, or of the palace in which a famous monarch was married, or of the town where slept in our kitchen, a King of Portugal, or of the converted wine shops and redeemed theatres. There are two red triangles everywhere in London, and they are opposed one to the other, one advertising the Christian Association, the other a famous ale. The vital difference between the two is that the beer ad stands on its base, while ours is balanced on its apex, and that is the essential difference between us and all organizations with which we compete. Their emphasis is material; their big part is on the earth; while with us, no matter how great

our earthly work and our material service, no matter how many tons of goods and millions of dollars we may handle, that must be the smallest part of our work—the big thing is above the earth, our reach is upward. And that emphasis can be made in a Crystal Palace or in a dug-out.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. L. C. Watson of Bowles has been called by the church at Benicia.

One hundred and fifty soldiers enjoyed the hospitality of the Central Union Church, Honolulu, on a recent "Open House" evening.

After a few months' rest and recuperation, following the close of his pastorate at Prescott, Arizona, the Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn has entered on the work at Perris.

Mr. R. P. Snider, son of the Rev. A. B. Snider, a student in the Pacific School of religion, is supplying the Congregational Church at Granville, North Dakota, during the vacation time.

We take the following from a First Congregational Church notice in one of the Oakland papers: "Founded in 1860; gained nation-wide fame during the notable pastorates of John Knox McLean and Charles R. Brown. Largest Protestant church in Northern California."

The Rev. Dr. Gilbert N. Brink, a graduate of the Pacific School of Religion, has been made Secretary for Education and for Latin North America, by the board of managers of the Baptist Home Misionary Society. Previous to this appointment Dr. Brink had been Secretary of Education.

Noting the conferring of the degree of Master of Sacred Theology on the Rev. J. A. Fry, pastor of the Methodist Church, South of Berkeley, by the Pacific School of Religion, the Pacific Methodist Advocate remarks: "The honors have been worthily conferred and will be worthily worn by our esteemed brother."

The Rev. Loyal L. Wirt will speak at the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next week, June 3. We do not know what Mr. Wirt will speak about, but we do know that he will be thoroughly interesting and well worth hearing. No one ever heard him when he was anything other than this. Inasmuch as he was recently for the second time on the war front, it is probable that he will speak on the war and related matters.

Early in June Superintendent Rathbone of the Northern California Conference, and Drs. Brooks and Larkin, will make an automobile tour among some of our mountain churches. The first meeting will be held at Auburn; they will go thence to Grass Valley, and on to Likely, Fort Bidwell, and Alturas. At the latter place there will be an Association meeting. The trip will take them to one point across the California and Oregon line. Much good may be expected to accrue from this tour. The mesages of these brethren will be uplifting, and the fellowship thus afforded these churches remote from the center will be something heartily welcomed. "We are brethren!" will be in the minds of pastor and people wherever these meetings shall be held—long time thereafter.

A farewell fellowship service was held in honor of the Rev. B. C. Preston just before his departure from Palo Alto. It was under the auspices of the Chaplains' Corps. of the Eighth Division of the United States Army and the Palo Alto Ministerial Association. Remarks were made by Major Rice, the senior chaplain, Chaplain Gardner of Stanford University, Father O'Connell of the Knights of Columbus, Noel Jacks of the Y. M. C. A., Mr Cooley, the mayor of Palo Alto, Secretary Williams of the Community Service Commission, Dr. Elliott of the First Congregational Church and registrar of Stanford University and the Rev. Walter Hayes, president of the Ministerial Association. Mr. Preston spoke on "An Imperative Call to Foreign Service."

SAN PEDRO.

Rev. E. Ellsworth Smith, the efficient general missionary for Southern California, has recently made a survey of certain sections of this promising ship-building community, and finds a large field without convenient church privileges. Recently he took some interested friends to view the prospect o'er, and they advised him to proceed at the earliest possible date to begin active operations on a desirable lot. We are hoping a new Congregational chapel will soon house a goodly number of boys and girls in Sunday school, and preaching will be provided by the Los Angeles authorities.

SAN JACINTO.

The domolition of the church edifice by the recent earthquake may prove a blessing. Already a new lot, far more desirable, has been purchased; indications that the churches of Southern California will assist us, and the recent visit of the Field Secretary, leads to the hope that C. C. B. S. will be glad to give careful consideration to our case—probably assisting with a generous grant, which thus far we have not had. Former aid has been by loan only. The people are determined to go forward, and on a Sunday soon may have Mayor Porter of Riverside to lead in a campaign for funds. The community has suffered financially, but some outside money has been assured and San Jacinto is looking forward to better business blocks and a community more united than ever for its upbuilding. Water is available for irrigation and the surrounding lands will be sold, it is hoped, in small tracts, thereby increasing the number of people tributary to this center.

SONOMA.

Under the leadership of Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Cookman this church is looking forward to larger things. The visit of Dr. Rathbone on a recent Sunday was an inspiration and the every-member canvas directed by him has resulted in some new subscribers and a more united devotion to the welfare of the church. The Episcopal Church established a few years since has not met with the favor desired and for the time being the work is suspended. It is hoped former friends will return to ours, and thus additional impetus be given to the work. The Missionary Society meets once a month, alternating with the Ladies' Aid. The latter has a membership of sixty.

GUERNEVILLE.

Guerneville goes over-the-top for the starving. Guerneville's apportionment $118.00 for entire town. Guerneville church raised $130.25 last Sunday night for Armenian and Syrian Relief. Sunday night congregations for April and May largest in history of church. Norman W. Pendleton, the pastor, lectured last week on the "Evo-

lution of the Hero" at the "Y." hut at the naval training station at Goat Island.

CAMPBELL.

The Rev. W. E. Eckles, pastor of the Campbell Congregational Church, has been granted a year's leave of absence and will leave this week for work with the Y. M. C. A. in France. The church and the War Work Council, of which Mr. Eckles was District Chairman, tendered him a reception last Thursday evening. The last Sunday before leaving, Mr. Eckles received six into church membership, two upon confession of their faith.

BETHANY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

A series of Sunday evening "Populars" are bringing large audiences, many soldier boys from the Presidio regularly attending. Last Sunday evening every seat of the auditorium was taken; 120 soldiers, both of the army and navy, were present and enthusiastically received. The musical program, including many choice selections, and the hearty singing from the congregation was very inspiring. The pastor, Rev. O. R. Gillespie, spoke from the text: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me," which was listened to with marked attention and interest. A social hour and light refreshments follow these services, which appear to be accomplishing the end in view—ministering to mind, body and spirit. The untiring energy and earnest work of the pastor, and his splendid and acomplished wife are very much appreciated.

WOMENS MISSIONARY MEETING AT SARATOGA.

Attractive plans have been made for the June meeting of the Northern California Branch of the W. B. M. P. and the Woman's Home Missionary Union. We are invited on Thursday, June 6th, to beautiful Saratoga in the foothills of the Santa Cruz mountains.

The Saratoga friends are planning to serve a "breakfast" at the Foothill Club House at 11 o'clock. The program will be given at the same place following the breakfast.

Addresses by Dr. Van Horn of the First Church, Oakland, Dr. Kloss of Plymouth Church, and Mr. C. Fuller, who took the first steam tractor into Africa will be some of the good things we anticipate.

It is hoped that a large number from our churches will go in their automobiles, taking as many as possible with them, thus combining the enjoyment of a delightful outing with that of an inspiring meeting.

For those who do not care to go by automobiles, the trains are very convenient. The best way is by the train which leaves Fourth and Townsend streets, San Francisco, at 9 o'clock, changing at Palo Alto to the trolley car, and reaching Saratoga at 10:40.

Tickets at $1.80 for the round trip, including the 5-cent fare from Congress Junction to Saratoga, may be purchased in "ten trip" books.

If those who go by train will meet at Fourth and Townsend street station a little early, they will find one of the ladies there to arrange about the tickets

Whence comes solace? Not from seeing
What is doing, suffering, being;
Not from noting life's conditions,
Not from heeding Time's monitions;
But in cleaving to the Dream,
And in gazing on the gleam
Whereby gray things golden seem.

—Thomas Hardy.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

Rev. Joel Harper proves himself a worthy successor of his brother, Dr. T. H. Harper, as preacher and pastor of Westminster Church. The people speak of his ministry in the highest terms and the church is making commendable progress. Eleven were received into the church last Sunday, six on confession.

Revs. J. A. Luckenbach and Joel Harper have participated in the two conventions of the Inland Empire Sunday School Association.

The officers of Pilgrim Church have presented the pastor, Rev. Dr. C. H. Burdick, with a fine parlor chair in recognition of his services in reducing the church debt over $1,000.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, preached the baccalaureate sermon to the Vera High School graduating class last Sunday. Received three into the church on confession.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

The regular weekly prayer circle of the W. B. M. P. was held Wednesday morning, May 22nd, at Headquarters. The topic for consideration being a part of the final chapter of "The Manhood of the Master," dealing with the fullness of Christ's personality. The wonderful way in which he appealed to and influenced all classes was brought out. Centurions, business men, rulers, women, children, sinners, rich and poor, all found in him the commanding personality of their whole experience, and each found in him the only perfect understanding and the answer to their deepest need.

A momentary interview was had with Miss Madeline Waterhouse as she passed through San Francisco on her way home to Southern California from Kyoto, Japan. Her enthusiasm and love for her work and the Japanese are even greater than when she went out to the field three years ago. The Doshisha where she has been teaching for the past few months now holds first place in her interest. Miss Denton's return was welcomed with rejoicing. Her passage from here was void of comfort, and it was owing to her persuasive advice that Miss Waterhouse took an earlier steamer than she had intended, in order to avoid passage on the one on which Miss Denton had suffered. The last words Miss Waterhouse called back as she hurried for her train were, "It seems so good to be back under the American flag; but I love the flag of Japan, too!"

* * * * *

As Miss Elizabeth Benton journeyed from Chicago to Boston she encountered an unpleasant companion named La Grippe, that presumed upon her time and strength for a week after her arrival at her sister's home. Freed at length from the intruder, she began her "course" with the W. B. M. headquarters as a center. The annual meetings of the New Haven and Hampshire Branches occurred at a most opportune time for her convenience and she was privileged to attend both. "It gave me a splendid opportunity to see the constituency actually at work." "It is

a liberal education to meet these people." "The country is wonderful in its spring costume." "Mrs. Charles R. Brown was out of town, so I missed seeing her"—are some of Miss Benton's experiences as she notes them. Miss Calder of the W. B. M. is planning Miss Benton's course of education, which includes attendance at the Board's committee meetings, Branch meetings, Secretaries' Conference at New York, Training Conference for Missionaries at the Congregational House, Boston, and the privilege of observing the work going on at headquarters. While spending a few days in Chicago en route, the W. B. M. I. extended every courtesy to Miss Benton and gave her much valuable information.

* * * * *

The annual report for 1918 of the Southern California Branch and Woman's Home Union has just come to hand. It is complete in statistics and full of interest, and records a splendid year's work. We note some interesting paragraphs from the report of the Foreign Secretary, Miss Anna L. Meeker:

"Some have thought that Japan is now so far advanced that we might relax our efforts there. But those who know the situation best—both Japanese and American leaders—say that now more than ever we should push ahead. Japan from her position and her innate qualities seems destined to lead all Asia, and we should see to it that she leads as a Christian nation. It is suggested that our work there should be intensive rather than extensive, the perfecting of the plants already established. In the Doshisha University we have an institution well fitted to train native teachers, both men and women, and any effort made to increase its efficiency will surely bear fruit."

"It is interesting to note that in an article entitled "What Has Christianity Brought to Japan?" Baron Sakatani, Minister of Finance, a non-Christian, writes that it has brought a feeling of internationalism; a definition of the social rights of the people; an improvement in the position of women; and a superior quality of character in the individual Christian. He concludes, 'We appreciate its value to the Empire and welcome it.' "

"Our missionaries are turning to literature as never before. In Africa, they are tackling the difficult task of reducing to a written language the dialects of rude tribes who have never as yet had any literature. In the more advanced countries of Asia, they are using the columns of the daily or weekly press to introduce Christian doctrine, finding that they can reach more in this way than by the spoken word."

* * * * *

The Home Secretary, Mrs. E. Y. Partridge, reports the success of a plan that suggests wonderful opportunities for helpfulness and good-fellowship that makes one eager to try it:

"The 'Big Sister' idea has done much toward fostering a feeling of fellowship. It has been worked out in various ways. Too much cannot be said in favor of this exchange of hospitalities. When a society is to have an exceptionally good program share the treat with a neighboring auxiliary. In instances where it has been tried the society is enthusiastic in telling how helpful it has been. Reciprocity Day is one of the big events in a year of Club Life. We can do more in that direction in our missionary societies."

* * * * *

Do not overlook the notice of the quarterly meeting of the Northern California Branch and Woman's Home Union to be found in another column of The Pacific. It promises many delightful and unusual features.

The Home.

"God," cried the grass in the pavement,
"Am I not worthy of living,
Who am green in the waterless places
And subsist in the clefts of the stone?"

"Child," came the Voice in the stillness,
"Know I not well thou art worthy,
Thou who declarest my glory
Where death and destruction are rife?

"Therefore have I set thee in lonely
And parched and desolate places;
Are the weakest and least of the legions
Placed in the van of the strife?

"Know I not well thou art worthy?
I have chosen thee over all others,
Thou who art potent, unyielding,
And strong in the fullness of life!"

—M. E. Buhler.

STORY-TELLING FOR THE CHILDREN.

In his "Defense of Poesie," Sir Philip Sydney has this fascinating bit—how it rings with the old-time spirit of the story-teller!—and the most modern of pedagogy, too:

"Forsooth he cometh to you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste."

Educators began a good while ago to realize the value of story-telling in education. It is used now in all sorts of classwork in the schools. You know yourself how effectively a well-told story points the moral of a sermon, even for the adults—you yourself will remember the story and the lesson of it long after you have forgotten the trend of the address itself. The psychology is the same with stories told to children; but few parents seem to realize how much they can do with their own children through the use of carefully chosen stories.

Reading is all very well, and essential in its place and for its purpose, but it never quite takes the place of the tale told by word of mouth, looking the child straight in the eye while you talk. Try both ways with a small child, and see for yourself which way he likes best.

Long before the child is at school—as soon as he can understand at all—he should have stories told to him by his parents at home. You, father and mother, are missing a great deal if you do not do it. Don't you remember the delight with which you heard father begin: "A long time ago, I was a little boy," or your mother say: "Once upon a time when I was a little girl with my hair in pig-tails"? Weren't you all attention right way? And do you suppose mother and father haven't remembered all these years your eager little face and your eyes big with expectation?

Of course, some people are born story-tellers and some are not, but every mother can do good work in this line if she makes the effort. Children have a natural craving for the dramatic; to this craving the telling of tales is the answer. If you don't supply it, something of permanent and essential value is left out of the children's lives, even if you and they are not conscious of the lack.

There are oceans of good stories; get the best. This is

not to say that personal experiences of your own and other people's are not to be used; a tale with a personality in it known to the child is often more interesting and effective than any other; but this business of story-telling is not a thing to be done haphazard. You need to put your mind on it, and hunt for the stories that will be most to the point and most worth remembering.

Mother Goose stories are the first to be told. They are full of dramatic action, and most of them are very ancient. For hundreds, perhaps thousands of years they have been the delight of generation after generation of little folks. Can you remember the delight with which you first heard of "The Three Bears," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Red Riding Hood," and all the rest?

Some of these stories may be too dramatic for very little or very nervous children—remember that it is all pretty real to them. If so, wait a little, and use other stories not quite so vivid. Some children like one characteristic in a story, some another; but there are enough stories, various enough to suit all tastes. Experience will show you just what your children require in the way of stories, and how they will accept them. If you begin with them when they are very young, with the simple tales, you can work up to the hero-tales. And all the time you will be learning the better to understand your chidren's minds, and that they will never forget, but pass on in turn to their own children.

The librarian in any library will gladly help you to find stories to tell. Hunt till you find them, in classical or Oriental literature, myth, legends, fairy tales, hero tales, stories from history, lives of the saints—there are hundreds of them waiting for you to appropriate them. You will never regret the time you devote to the search.

Choose your stories carefully. Keep them near the child's level of interest and understanding. Do not try too many, and remember that children love to have the same story told over and over again. Avoid the very sensational, the morbid and gloomy. Many a child has gone to bed shivering with fear after hearing a story, terribly real to him, of direful things that he visualize in the dark.

The problem is somewhat complicated where you have at the same time children of different ages. The wise mother will study that problem and adapt some of the stories to the "common denominator" of interest and appreciation.

Try to listen with a sentence that commands attention. Take a lesson from Hans Christian Andersen. See how he catches the interest right off:

"There were once twenty-five tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they had been made out of the same old tin spoon."

"There was once an emperor who had a horse shod with gold."

Rudyard Kipling makes wonderfully apt beginnings in his "Just So Stories." "In the high and far-off times, the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk."

"Whichever way I turn," said the Weathercock on a high steeple, "no one is satisfied." So begins one of Edwin Barrow's fascinating stories in "Fireside Tales."

Who could help listening after beginnings like these?

Do not tell your stories too fast. Speak slowly and distinctly, and pause to let the dramatic situations and the points you wish to emphasize sink in. Do not use too many details, and do not stop to explain too much; that breaks the thread of the narrative. And don't do much preaching or moralizing. If you have selected the right story and told it, well, the moral will take care of itself. Children are quick to put the glove on if it fits.

You will usually find it much easier to corect a bad habit in a child by means of the right story, well told, at the right time, than by any amount of punishment or tongue-lashing. And, by the same token, you can cultivate mental traits and activities by arousing new interests through stories that awaken the desire to imitate and dramatize. The sense of humor is often developed through stories; so is the whole series of benevolent emotions helpfulness, sympathy, courage, fidelity, self-sacrifice, true patriotism.

It is a good idea to have the children try to illustrate the stories you have told them with pencil and crayon, clay, or by cutting out paper figures. You can even turn it into a game or impromptu dramatics. And your tales will have aroused new interest in animals, birds, historical characters, and give fresh zest to visits to the zoo and the museum, and to the reading they do by themselves. It is a fertile field, but it has to be cultivated with judgment and industry, like any other.—New York Post.

For The Children.

SEVEN LADS.

Seven lads with seven pence
Bent their brows with thought intense;

Bobby, Peter, Paul and Nick,
Bill, and Sam, and tiny Dick.

Trudged they to the top shop then,
All these merry little men.

And the trouble? Never mind!
For the shopman, he was kind.

And he showed his finest toys
To these seven little boys.

And they handled everything,
Ball and kite and top and sling.

When they'd stayed an hour or more
Billy shuffled to the door,

And he shouted, "Come on, Paul,
For there's nothing here at all!

"Come on, Bobby! Dicky dear,
Come, don't spend your money here!

"Come on, Sammy, Nick, and Pete—
Let's get something we can EAT!"

And they all departed thence,
Seven lads with seven pence!

—Agnes Lee.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN.

It was a warm day. Betty rolled over to where the clover was thick and soft and cool and saw close beside her what she at first thought was a fairy's lace bedspread illuminated with row upon row of tiny electric lights.

"Why, I believe it is Mr. Spider's house!" declared Betty. "There he is at the window now!'

Sure enough, Mr. Spider, gorgeously arrayed and wearing many jewels—a watch chain of yellow topaz around his neck, rubies on his shirt front and other beautiful ornaments on his head and body—was gazing haughtily at the

little girl in a blue gingham frock.

"Hello!" cried Betty.

Mr. Spider, however, did not answer Betty. Instead, he commenced to hum softly to himself, "Will you walk into my parlor?" were the words Betty caught. She knew the rest of it; it was in one of her books. Mr. Spider was on the lookout for his breakfast!

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" cried Betty, as she caught sight of young Master Fly, dressed in a bottle-green waistcoat and black cutaway coat of thin material, befitting a warm June morning, coming gayly along.

Although young Master Fly's mother had warned him many times about the whole Spider family, he thought he was quite capable of taking care of himself, so he loitered a little to inspect the Spider house.

Mr. Spider kept on humming:

"I've got a little parlor
And a little dining-room,
I've also got a little den
Which I wil show you soon."

This song quite charmed the visitor. He circled nearer and nearer to the Spider House, not heeding Betty, who cried, "Mr. Fly, Mr. Fly, O please—but just then something happened!

A big fat Grandfather Grasshopper in green jacket and tight-fitting cap, leaped from a great white dandelion blow, which was right in front of the Spider House, and so startled young Master Fly that away he flew.

Betty drew a sigh of relief, while the Grasshopper, smiling all over his queer little face, said "Summer's the time for grasshopper fun."

"I wonder what will happen next!" said Betty.

Just as Betty said this a little bird in a brown-and-white striped coat, with a black collar button under his chin, alighted on a twig right over her head and cocking his head to one side, said, "Good morning!"

"Good moraing!" answered Betty. "How is your family this morning?

"O, we are all right!" answered the bird in the brown-and-white striped coat, "but we would not have been, had it not been for the string you gave me. Flutter was crowded to the edge of the nest, and if he had not been stopped by the string, he would have fallen."

"I'm very glad I gave you the pink string for your nest," said Betty. "Have all the eggs hatched?"

"All four!" answered Mr. Song Sparrow, proudly. "Now, I shall have to be busier than ever," and away he flew to the nestful of babies over in the sweet brier bush.

Just then Betty spied a funny, white worm, fat and round and not a bit pretty, coming out of a small round hill that the ants had built. "What's your name?" asked the worm.

"Betty. What's yours?" laughed the little girl.

"Cetonia Aurata," answered the worm.

"Oh! what a nice name," exclaimed Betty.

"Soon," went on the worm, "I shall be wearing a richer coat than ever you wore."

"What color?" asked Betty.

"A beautiful green and gold," answered the worm.

"Oh, my!" said Betty. "I should think you would be in a hurry to change your coat," she was going to add, when she heard a tiny voice say:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear me!"

Turning, Betty saw a small beetle dressed entirely in black, climinb laboriously up a swaying blade of grass. As Betty turned, it lost its balance and tumbled down on the grass.

"I am all ready to begin housekeeping," began Madame Beetle. "I want to get to that three. Won't you please help me, Betty?'

"Of course, I will, said Betty; "but how did you know my name?'

"I heard you tell Cetonia," answered Madame Beetle. "We are of the same family."

"And will you change your black coat some day for one of green and gold?" asked Betty.

"Oh, no!" answered Madame Beetle. "I belong to the engraver beetles. We always dress in black. Thank you very much for bringing me to the tree."

"What are going to do?" asked Betty.

"Tunnel into the bark and make a room for myself, then a smaller one for my husband," answered the Beetle.

"Why doesn't he make his own?" inquired Betty.

"Oh, Mr. Beetle is a lazy fellow and never helps with the work," returned Madame Beetle carelessly.

It was very interesting to watch Madame Beetle at work, but presently Betty saw something even more interesting, and that was a green, orange and black caterpillar making a silk swing on the side of a twig.

"Please, what are you doing?" asked Betty, politely, after she had watched the caterpillar for a long time.

"All swallow-tail caterpillars make these swings before they cast their last skin," answered the caterpillar. He pushed the head part of his body through the loop or swing, then he stopped working and took no further notice of Betty.

Out upon a large maple leaf, which he used for a stage, stepped a beautiful locust, with wings of gauze and a green body marked off in a darker color.

He nodded at Betty and started at once to sing. He sang from low Z to high Z and back again without a break, for the hotter the day, the better a locust can sing.

Betty enjoyed the concert very much, and she told the locust so.

"O, singing is easy," replied the locust.

"I don't think so," said Betty.

But the most wonderful of all the wonderful things which Betty saw in the garden was a little creature performing acrobatic feats.

Betty first saw him on the fence and his coat was gray, the color of the fence. Then he hopped on to a green leaf, and immediately his coat was green. From the leaf he made a flying leap to the tree trunk, when Mr. Tree-Toad wore a suit of tree-trunk brown.

Betty was so pleased to see him she clapped her hands, but very softly for fear of frightening him away.

He seemed very much surprised to see Betty, and winked and blinked at her for a full minute. He was only about two inches long, with a star-shaped patch on his back. When he found that the little girl with the yellow hair and blue eyes lying on the green grass meant him no harm, he told her how long he had lived in the tree, what he liked best to eat and what a merry time he had when he went hunting on moonlight nights.

He was still talking when something crawled over Betty's little pink hand that lay in the grass. A whole family of ants were carrying off Betty's sugar cookie?—Gertrude Winham Fielder, in The Churchman.

Surely, surely the only true knowledge of our fellowman is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstances and opinion. Our subtlest of analysis of schools and sects must miss the esential truth unles it be lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work the life-and-death struggles of separate human beings.—George Eliot.

STANDING BY THE FLAG!

I've pledged myself unto the Flag,
Although I may not bear a gun,
I'll serve with harrow and with drag
I'll do my duty, day by day,
I'll give my strength to till the soil,
And take my glory in the way
The harvest time shall bless my toil

I'll give up play and not complain,
I'll stand to hardships with a grin,
I'll help to raise the stores of grain
Our Army sorely needs to win.
It is not given me to be
A warrior bold in war's alarm.
But still the Flag shall own in me
A soldier serving on the farm.

I've pledged myself unto the Flag,
I will not whimper or complain,
Or let my stock of courage lag,
I'll brave the summer sun and rain.
And when the golden sheaves are tied
And victory at last is won,
I, too, shall share a soldier's pride
And glory in a duty done.

—Edgar A. Guest in The American Boy.

THE WRONG BUTTON.

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button was at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said mamma. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one was wrong.—Picture World.

The helpful life is the holy life. Holiness is help; sin is hindrance. At whatever point we touch life to help it, in whatever way we help the world and do not hinder it, whether by our prayers and songs and sermons, and industry in the church, or by the creation of a locomotive, or the painting of a picture, or the writing of a book, or the digging of a drain—in whatsoever thing we do, if we really help and do not hinder, then that is a holy life.—Robert Collyer.

If Shakespeare was the high priest of human nature, Christ was the high priest of the divine nature, speaking as one that has come out from God and has nothing to borrow from the world. It is not to be detected by any sign that the human sphere in which he moved imparted anything to him. His teachings are just as full of divine nature as Shakespeare of human.—Dr. Bushnell.

Take what you believe and are, and hold it in your hand with a new firmness as you go forward.—Phillips Brooks.

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